THE

POPULAR CAMP SONG

Maryland Maryland

A PATRIOTIC SONG

WORD BY

JAS. R. RANDALL. ESQ.r

MUSIC BY

P. P. W.

2½

Mattie Buck [illegible]

PUBLISHED BY P. P. WERLEIN & HALSEY 5 CAMP S.T N.O.

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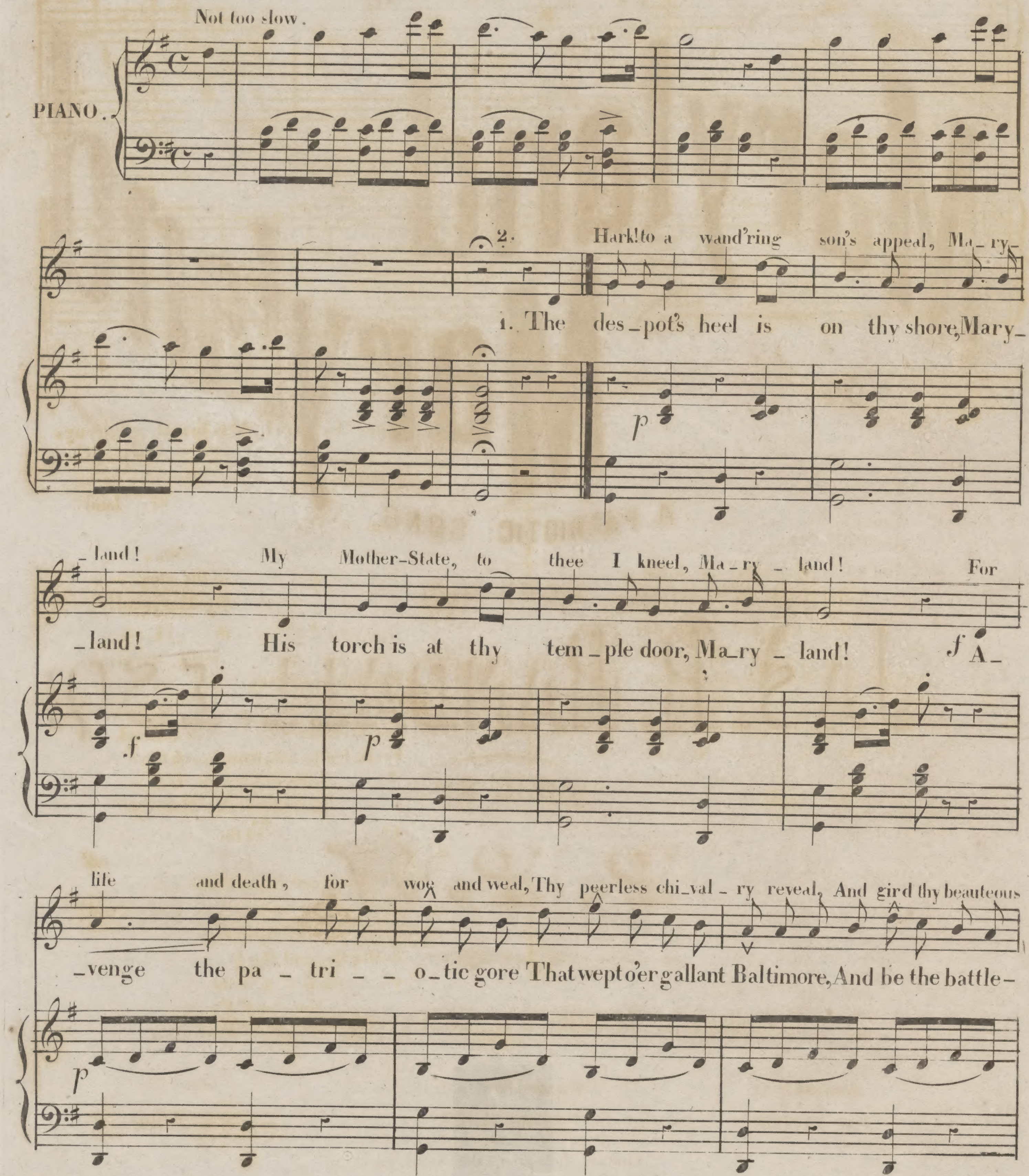
MY MARYLAND

A PATRIOTIC SONG.

Written by JAMES R. RANDALL. Music by P. P. W.


Not too slow.
PIANO.
2. Hark! to a wand'ring son's appeal, Mary_land! My Mother-State, to thee I kneel, Ma_ry_land! For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peerless chi_val_ry reveal, And gird thy beauteous
1. The des_pot's heel is on thy shore, Mary_land! His torch is at thy tem_ple door, Ma_ry_land! A_venge the pa_tri_o_tic gore That wept o'er gallant Baltimore, And be the battle-
p
f
p
f
p

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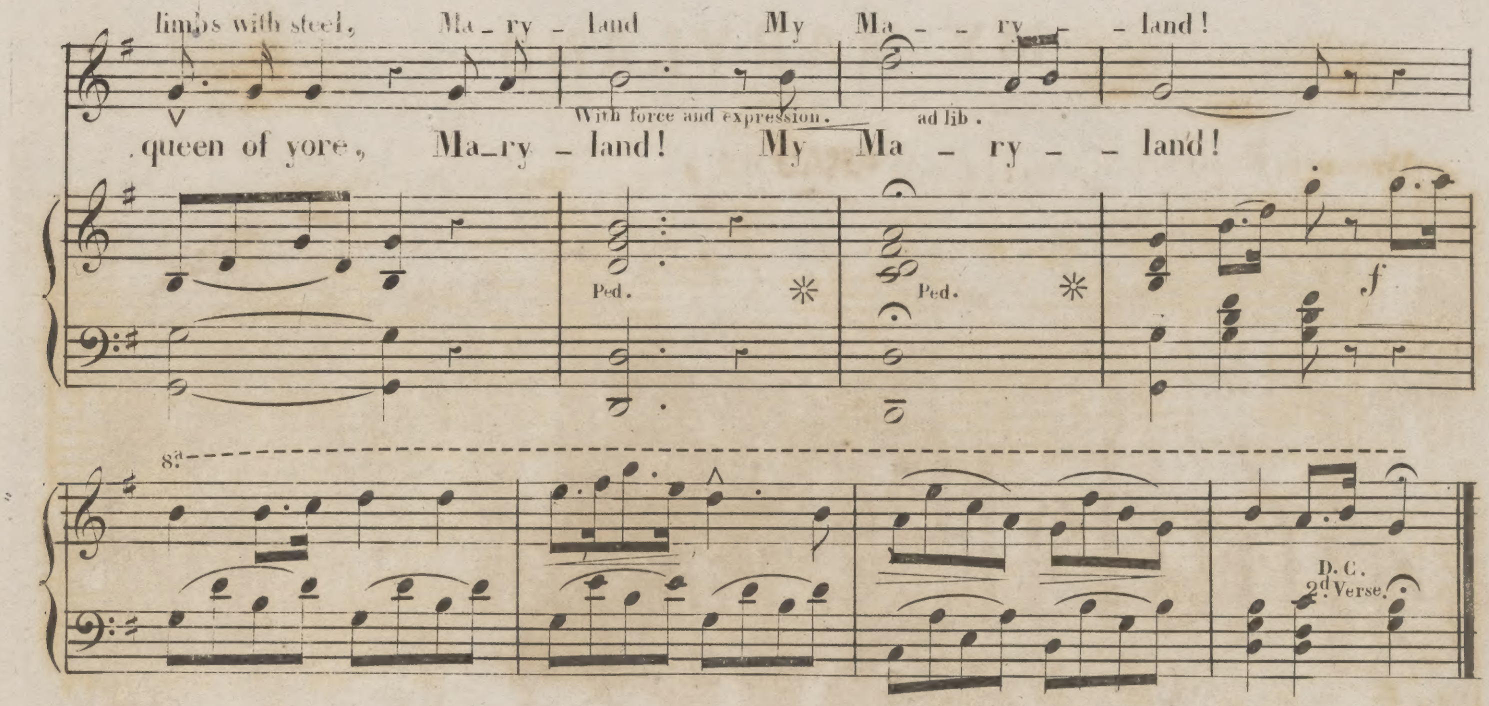
limbs with steel, Ma_ry_land My Ma_ _ry_ _land!
With force and expression.
ad lib.
queen of yore, Ma_ry_land! My Ma_ry_ _land!
Ped.
Ped.
f
8a
D.C.
2d Verse.

3.
Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

4.
Come tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

5.
Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meet her sisters on the plain;
"Sic semper," 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland! My Maryland!

6.
Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with liberty along,
And give a new KEY to thy song,
Maryland! My Maryland!

7.
I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek —
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

8.
Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control;
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

9.
I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb —
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes — she burns! she'll come! she'll come!
Maryland! My Maryland!

Wehrmann Eng: